

# THE ARIEL.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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NO. 11.

## THE OUDALISKIS SONG.

They said that I was fair and bright,  
And bore me far away—  
Within the Sultan's halls of light,  
A glittering wretch to stay;  
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,  
Where the dark wild billows foam—  
Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,  
My own—my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare  
That glitter in the sun,  
And braid with pearls my long black hair—  
I weep when all is done!  
I'd give them all, for one bright hour  
Free and unwatched to roam:  
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower  
From thee—my childhood's home.

They bring my low-toned harp, and bid  
My voice the notes prolong—  
And oft my soul is harshly chid  
When tears succeed to song:  
Alas! my lip can sing no more,  
When o'er my spirit come  
The strains I heard in thee of yore,  
My own—my childhood's home!

For then, the long lost visions rise  
Of happy sinless years—  
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,  
Yet cannot cease from tears:  
I see the porch where wearily  
My mother sits and weeps—  
I see the couch where rosily  
My little brother sleeps.

I see the flowers I loved to tend,  
Lie tangled on the earth;  
I hear the merry voices blend—  
Mine old companions' mirth!  
Oh! what to me are gilded halls,  
Rich vestments, jewels rare?  
I'd rather live in cavern walls,  
And breathe the mountain air.

Here the hot heavy winds are still,  
The hours unwearied pass  
Oh for the sunshine on the hill—  
The dew upon the grass!  
Oh! for the cool resounding shore.  
The dark blue river's foam?  
Shall my sick heart ne'er see them more?  
Woe! for my childhood's home!

From the New York Evening Post.

ELIZA.

[Translated from Chateaubriand.]

The Bier descends—the Roses without stain,  
A Father strows—the mead to sorrow due;—  
Earth! thine they were, and thine they are again,  
The youthful Maid and budding flowret too.

Ah! ne'er restore them to this world's alloy,  
Where griefs unnumber'd, sad regrets renew,  
Where biting winds and scorching rains destroy,  
The youthful Maid and budding flowret too.

Fair and unconscious Girl! thou sleepest here—  
Fearing no more the heat or chilling dew;  
Nipt in their early morn they disappear,  
The youthful Maid and budding flowret too.

There bends the Sire beneath the poignant stroke,  
With furrow'd brow in sorrow's palest hue;  
Thus time alike assails the aged oak—  
The youthful Maid and budding flowret too.

## MEETING AGAIN.

Yes, we shall meet again, my cherished friend,  
Not in the beautiful autumnal bowers,  
Where we have seen the waving corn-fields bend,  
And twined bright garlands of the harvest flowers,  
And watched the gleaners with their golden store—  
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the well-remembered hall of mirth,  
Where at the evening hour each heart rejoices,  
And friends and kindred crowd the social hearth,  
And the glad breathings of young happy voices,  
Strains of sweet melody in concert pour—  
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the haunts of busy strife, which bind  
Thy soaring spirit to base Mammon's toil,  
Where the revealings of thy gifted mind  
Exhaust their glories on a barren soil,  
With few to praise, to wonder, or deplore—  
There we shall meet no more.

Yet mourn not thus—in realms of changeless gladness,  
Where friendship's ties are never crushed and broken,  
We still may meet—Heaven, who beholds our sadness,  
Hath to the trusting heart assurance spoken  
Of that blest land, where, free from care and pain,  
Fond friends unite again.

## THE POLISH EMIGRANT TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

By Mrs. Hemans.

From my dear native Poland a poor lonely ranger,  
From the land of oppression to you I have come,  
Then pity, oh pity, the destitute stranger,  
And grant in this clime of fair freedom a home.  
Grant a home, grant a home,  
Oh grant the poor exile in pity a home.

Our armies are slain and our riches are squandered,  
The tyrant exulting through Poland doth roam,  
Forlorn and dishearten'd o'er Europe I've wandered,  
And now seek in this land of fair freedom a home.  
Grant a home, &c.

I could have died in my land 'mid the battle's dread thunder,  
I could have liv'd if in peace through its fields I might  
roam,  
But when Liberty's trampled, each tie torn asunder,  
I must seek in the land of a stranger a home.  
Grant a home, &c.

You are free, you are happy, no tyrant oppresses,  
In generosity trusting to you I have come,  
And surely you'll pity another's distresses,  
And grant in your fam'd land of freedom a home.  
Grant a home, &c.

I am weary of life, I am bow'd down with sadness,  
And fain would I die in the land of the brave,  
Then cheer my last days with one ray of gladness;  
Grant the stranger protection, a home, and a grave!  
Grant a home, grant a home,  
Oh grant the poor exile in pity a home.

FOR THE ARIEL.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF VILLAGE LIFE.

No. 2.

Nothing contributes so much to the life and animation of a village as the *boys*. They all know each other, are ever ready to enter into new enterprises that promise gratification of any kind. To drag a heavy sled up a hill, in sleighing time, for sake of the ride down, is considered good sport; and is a fine epitome of after life, when we toil, and tug, and strive, for as short-lived gratifications as the impetuous and dear-earned ride of the aforesaid boys. There is a wicked propensity in some lads to give people trouble, or to put them out of temper, it matters not which, that will lead them to the performance of the most difficult and laborious feats, such, for instance, as suspending a cart high and dry among the branches of a tree; transposing signs, and an infinite variety of such tricks, calculated to elicit that boisterous mirth described by the wise man as the "crackling of thorns under a pot;" and calculated also very often to plant thorns in our pillow.

My old playmates are scattered far and wide; and though I have not quite got upon the downhill of life, yet I have even now to stand and gaze for some time intently through the long vista through which I have travelled, ere the mental eye can snatch from the misty clouds of dreamy forgetfulness the few bright spots and congenial spirits with whom I was once conversant, which I would wish to remember.

The companions of my youth, where are they? This is a solemn inquiry—where are they? what are they? They have all, long since, tried the realities of this or another state of existence. Some have realised the high expectations of fond and partial parents; while others have dashed their cup with the bitter ingredient of disappointment, their bright hopes have gone out in black despair.

There is a reality, a purity, a fervor in the friendship that cements congenial spirits in early life, which partakes strongly of that romance which in the colder latitudes of life we are apt to imagine exists only in the fervid brains of poets; but if any one will sit down and ransack the stores of his memory, he will find amongst much rubbish, bright reminiscences of the most enthusiastic attachments, feelings that will yet well nigh set his sedate and temperate blood into a gallop.

In a small village, we naturally soon form our attachments, and upon the principle of "birds of a feather will flock together," little junctures are soon formed, and a mutual good feeling springing from some congeniality of disposition, will cement the whole in a strong fraternal bond. To such a band I had once the happiness to belong—I was "one of us" for seven years, when fate separated me from the others, and sent me to wander far from the scenes of my village recollections.

T—M— was a youth of towering genius—noble, warm, generous. He was early dedicated by a partial parent to the medical profession. His academic progress was rapid and honorable; and his preceptor was proud of such a pupil. Step after step of the professional ascent was taken, and soon he appeared among us a finished physician, gentleman, and scholar. In person he was tall; in bearing, noble and commanding; in deportment, amiable and conciliating. His prospects became very flattering, and he was accustomed to speak of success as certain.

But all this was at a time when that accursed practice of cementing friendship over what was called the social glass, was still in fashion—as though the warm affections of the youthful heart needed the stimulating

action of alcohol to bring them into play. Though victim after victim fall beneath its baneful influence, we shut our eyes against truth, our ears against the thundering appeals of outraged reason, religion and philanthropy, and madly persisted in our stupidity and folly, the poor degraded slaves of a vile and tyrannical custom. Thanks to the perseverance of those noble apostles of temperance, who, regardless of contumely and reproach, pressed forward in the good cause, and have, almost against our wills, struck from our minds the galling fetters of what now we perceive to be the most brutish of customs.

I indulge in these reflections now, goaded by the bitter recollection that I have been accessory to the ruin of my young friend. A slave myself to the prevailing custom, I have joined him in what we conceived the necessary *treat*; that is, meeting after a short separation, we felt ourselves bound in honor to have "something to drink," otherwise we should have felt ourselves wanting in the proper expression of our mutual regard for each other. This preposterous custom, gentle reader, has made more drunkards than any or all other causes combined; and so high does it sometimes run, that a man's generosity is estimated by no other standard than the paucity or profusion of his *treats*! Thank Heaven, the eyes of men are becoming open to the enormity of such a course; and the *treating system*, after having slain its thousands, has been driven down to the lowest order of society, there to prepare the wretched victims of the cholera for a more certain fate. But, as this is not an essay on intemperance, I shall return to my narrative.

M— became one of the unhappy victims of intemperance. At first it was the social glass; then the more prolonged revel; then the gulping down of the poisonous beverage to give a momentary relief to his burning vitals, giving an awful idea of the never-dying worm, and the unquenchable fire, that are used as figures of the final state of the impenitent.

I shall not follow him through his short downward passage. He plunged deeper and deeper into the vortex of infamy. All his finer qualities were immolated upon the one infernal altar; and, for a time, his bloated carcass, trembling with disease, the fire of genius that had hitherto shone in his fine eye, completely extinguished, he crawled about the streets an object of loathing, a beacon to warn others, till at last he sunk

"To the vile dust from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

I am one among many who tried to arrest him in his mad career, after he had proceeded too far to retreat; but, I speak it with shame and deep regret, I was one among many who encouraged him in his first onset. But I have learned now that there is no safety in tampering with the enemy. Poor M—! he was once a much loved friend; but he died as a fool dieth, and fills a drunkard's grave. Years have elapsed since the close of his unhappy career;

"Still, when I would be sad,  
I think of him."

Then there was C. T.—A truer heart never throbbed in human bosom than his. Born in indigence, his means of improvement were limited; and his allotment in life was a laborious one, though honorable. His scanty allowance of lore was well improved; and he rose into manhood with all his powers of body and mind fully developed. His morality was of a substantial texture—for it was drawn from his Bible, and not from the hair-brain theories of speculative philosophy. He entered life with his eyes open; he knew it was not his rest, but his place of trial. He leaned upon the promises of his God, and received the bless-



ings of life from his hand with a thankful heart. Though his hand was hardened with labor, and his brow soiled with sweat and dust, yet his eye shone with intelligence and placid contentment; and, while it met with conscious independence the eye of his fellow-man, it was often turned in filial confidence towards his Father in Heaven. His career is the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. It is the society of such men that gives life its charms; it is such men as these, that "constitute the salt of the earth." And how was this character formed? Not in the bar-room, be assured; not in the light pursuits of senseless frivolity; not in clubs formed for purposes of sport or mischief; nor at the horse-race; nor in sabbath-breaking excursions: No, nor in the ball-room; nor in the giddy round of fashionable idleness. None of these places ever produce such characters. Neither was it formed in gloomy seclusion from the world and all its enjoyments. But it was formed under the genial influence of enlightened reason; that reason which puts a true estimate upon life and all its pursuits; that sees in the present state of man the opening germ of an endless and ever expanding being; that reason which teaches that to be happy, we must be holy; and that to be holy, we must be conformed to the image of Him who made us; that reason which teaches that we have deeply revolted from the just authority of our Almighty Sovereign, and impels us to lay hold of the merits of the Saviour, as our only hope of pardon and eternal life. This, and this only, can give stability to character, and give security to the happy issue of the voyage of life. This is refinement,—for this only will end in perfect purity.

My dear young readers, you who are just beginning to look a-head into the deep and mysterious ocean of existence which lies before you, think for a moment on the unspeakable importance of forming right characters—think what is the nature of that existence which you have received from the hand of your Creator—what its destiny. Is it to sport and trifle for a few days, and then sink into nothing? No! Is it to live to gratify self, regardless of the will of the Author of your existence? O, no! Well, is it "to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever?"—It is even so. Now, think what a destiny is this. When this becomes the ruling principle, where then is the aim of our ambition? Is it to resemble the good man just described? Higher. Is it to equal the best men of whom we read? Higher yet. What, attempt to emulate angels! Still higher. Let the Lord of angels be our example, Jesus Christ the righteous. Here is a glorious aim—one that will raise us above the contemptible pursuits of giddy mortals, who have no higher object than evanescent pleasure. 'Tis this that gives such stability to the character of my friend, C. T., who yet lives, the head of a happy family, the blessing of his neighborhood, and one of the pillars of the church. Years have rolled round since I have grasped his honest hand, yet I am happy, though far distant from him, to reckon him among the number of my friends. C.

**IMPROVEMENTS IN TRAVELLING.**—Sir Walter Scott says, in his notes to Redgauntlet, "that within his recollection, the London mail was brought north in a small mail cart; and men are yet alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter to Edinburgh, addressed to the Manager of the British Linen Company."

Mr. Townsend, the venerable head of the London police, aged 80 years, died suddenly on the 10th. He has been 50 years in the police.

FOR THE ARIEL.  
**THE PESTILENCE.**

BY A LADY OF W——.

Oh! heard you the death cry, "the plague spot is near,"  
'Tis coming! 'tis coming!—each heart beats with fear;  
Every face gathers paleness—and all look for death,  
As the Pestilence scatters its withering breath.  
Oh! 'tis walking in darkness, and wasting at noon,  
Its thousands are falling, it executes soon:  
'Tis heaven commissioned—the Lord gives the word,  
Diseases are servants as well as the sword.  
Yes, the hand of the Lord is stretched over men,  
Whom his mercy invited again and again,  
'To confide in his name, take his word for their shield,  
When the glittering sword of destruction he'd wield.  
Why gaze ye with wonder, why start with alarm  
Ye children of men? there's a refuge from harm;  
To the ark of Salvation, for safety oh! fly,  
Nor linger in danger lest quickly you die.  
Though a thousand should sicken and fall at thy side,  
And ten thousand around thee in terror abide;  
If the Lord is thy friend, then rejoice in His power,  
He's a fortress—a rock—a refuge and tower.  
Never lean upon mortals—for man is but dust,  
Ah! feeble's their aid for safety and trust;  
'Tis Israel's God, who his people still saves,  
Midst pestilence raging, and opening graves.  
To the Heavens above then lift up thine eyes,  
Perpetual aid only dwells in the skies:  
Who secure it are safe, who despise it may dread  
The wrath which shall number them soon with the dead.  
Yes! mercy yet calls and vengeance delays,  
The uplifted hand of destruction she stays;  
Then be wise and obey—hear the voice of the Lord,  
Salvation and safety are found in his word.  
For the sword or the pestilence, famine or fire,  
To His children shall realise all they desire;  
From sin and from sorrow, and from pain set them free,  
And bring them, Oh Lord, safe to Heaven and Thee.  
August 14th, 1832.

So many gentlemen have been knighted during the present reign that they are jokingly called the "Arabians"—a thousand and one being the number of the Arabian Nights.

The Landers' expedition to Africa left Liverpool on the 12th. It consists of the brig Columbine, of 170 tons, and the Quorra and Elburka steam-boats, built expressly for the purpose.

**COTTON.**—At Calicut, in the East Indies, (whence the cotton cloth, called calico, derives its name,) the price of labor is one-seventh of that in England, yet the market is supplied from British looms.

**THE FOLLY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**—The city authorities of Portland have ordered that all communication shall cease between that place and Boston, in order to shut out the Cholera. But two cases of Cholera have occurred at Boston, and three or four have occurred at Portland. What Solons are the fathers of the latter city.

The population of Prussia, according to the census made up to the close of 1831, is 13,038,960.

**UNEXAMPLED PASSAGE BY STEAM.**—The new and elegant steam-boat Champlain, Capt. Gorham, came up from New York yesterday, says the Albany Argus, in *eight hours and thirteen minutes*, deducting loss of time, and including loss, *nine hours and forty-nine minutes*.

**SELLING A WIFE.**—On Monday at Smithfield, an elderly man tied a halter round his wife's neck, and put her up at auction. He asked 10s. for her, and a young man, a favorite of the lady's, immediately paid the money, and walked off with his bargain.

## THE TRAVELLER.

Leo Africanus flourished in the beginning of the Sixteenth century—his cognomen is derived from his extensive researches in Africa. From St. John's curious biography we select the following odd relation.

Proceeding along the shore, and examining whatever appeared deserving of attention, he once more betook himself to the mountains, where, among the rude and lawless tribes which inhabited them, he found a more extraordinary system of manners, and stood a better chance of gratifying his love of enterprise and adventure. Traversing the lofty and savage defiles of Mount Nififa, whose inhabitants wholly employ themselves in the care of goats and bees, he arrived at Mount Surede, where he became engaged in a very whimsical scene. Cut off by their solitary and remote position from frequent intercourse with the rest of the world, these thick-headed mountaineers had no conception of law or civilization—no idea of which ever entered their minds, except when some stranger, distinguished for his good sense and modest manners, made his appearance among them. Still they were not, like many of the neighboring tribes, altogether destitute of religion; and when Leo arrived, he was received and entertained by a priest, who set before him the usual food of the inhabitants, a little barley-meal boiled in water, and goat's flesh, which might have been conjectured from its toughness to have belonged to some venerable example of longevity. These savoury viands, which they ate squatted on their haunches like monkeys, appear to have been so little to the taste of Leo, that, in order to avoid the impiety of devouring such patriarchal animals, he resolved to depart next morning at the peep of dawn; but as he was preparing to mount his beast, about fifty of the inhabitants crowded about him, and enumerating their grievances and wrongs, requested him to judge between them. He replied, that he was totally ignorant of their customs and manners. This, he was told signified nothing. It was the custom of the place, that whenever any stranger paid them a visit, he was constrained before his departure to try and determine all the cases which, like suits in the Court of Chancery, might have been accumulated for half a century; and to convince him that they were in earnest, and would hear of no refusal, they forthwith took away his horse, and requested him to commence operations. Seeing there was no remedy, he submitted with as good a grace as possible; and during nine days and nights had his ears perpetually stunned by accusations, pleadings, excuses, and, what was still worse, was obliged daily to devour the flesh of animals older than Islamism itself. On the evening of the eighth day, the natives, being greatly satisfied with his mode of distributing justice, and desirous of encouraging him to complete his Herculean labors, promised that on the next day he should receive a magnificent reward; and as he hoped they meant to recompense him with a large sum of money, the night which separated him from his good fortune seemed an age. The dawn, therefore, had no sooner appeared than he was stirring; and the people, who were equally in earnest, requesting him to place himself in the porch of the mosque, made a short speech after their manner, which being finished, the presents were brought up with the utmost respect. To his great horror, instead of the gold which his fancy had been feeding upon, he saw his various clients approach, one with a cock, another with a quantity of nuts, a third with onions; while such as meant to be more magnificent brought him a goat. There was, in fact, no money in the place. Not being able to remove his riches he left the goats and onions to his worthy host; and departed with a guard of fifty soldiers; which his grateful clients bestowed upon him to defend his person in the numerous dangerous passes through which he had to travel.

## TAKING A SHARK.

*From Captain Hall's Latest Voyages and Travels.*

But the fox chase of the sea—the sport of sports—is furnished by Jack's hereditary enemy, the shark.

"The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the Complete Book; and every man and boy, however, engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once seeing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the after part of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. "What's the matter with you, Master Mona?" said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from oar to ear. "Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork," cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. "Where's your hook, quarter-master!" "Here, sir, here," cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds; for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavour for the stomach of a shark. The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep in his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

"A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious *haut gaul*, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizzen top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but whom, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together; after which, the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue



from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints of the dying dolphin.

"When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This of course obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a Christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd; but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

"Sometimes at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work; and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is, to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it may not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

"The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe! No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is half drawn up. To prevent the line breaking, or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bowline knot, is always adopted.—This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust

his toostoonear the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method of measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead, would furnish a sort of scale for the force exerted.

I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the after-guard. For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be rather a spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the fore-castle, amidst the kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career, by stabbing him with their knives, hand-spikes, boarding-pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

"The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad-axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned.

"There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all of which were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration, was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark, stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed,—"There, my lads, d'ye see that? He has sometimes swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest his hide!"

Married, in Bridgeport, Conn. John Stephens, Esq. counsellor at Law, to Miss Catharine Ravel. This lady was heard to say that "no man should wind her round his finger!" In reply to which, the Yankee lawyer said, "I will do my best then, madam, to unravel you!"

The carpenter of the New Strand Theatre was rated by the stage manager for having mislaid a door belonging to a side piece. "Dang it," said the mechanic, "do you think I've swallowed the door?" "Very likely," replied the manager, "you were in the habit of bolting it."

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial: it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

## SELECT TALES.

## ALI'S BRIDE.

A Tale from the Persian—By Thomas Moore, Esq.

It was in the days of the pious Schah Omad, during whose reign, it was remarked, miracles never were wanting, that, amongst other wonders, the return to earth of Ali, the great son-in-law of the Prophet, was announced as, at length, positively and infallibly, to take place. Centuries had rolled away, since the death of this great man, and still his promised return was looked for by the faithful in vain. So fondly was this expectation cherished that, through each succeeding reign, a milk-white steed was kept ready saddled, in the Royal stables, for his use, and a train of attendants, richly dressed, as for a monarch, to wait upon him. Still, however, the son-in-law of the Prophet came not; and there arose, from time to time, profane and evil-minded persons, who even ventured to express a doubt whether he would ever come at all.

In the reign of Omad, however, such doubters had all disappeared. The Schah himself being a believer to no common extent, it was deemed but loyal, in all good subjects, to believe, as much as possible, up to the Royal standard. The Grand Moullah, too, a divine of much learning, had discovered a new reading in the Gefru Giame, which set the question respecting the time of Ali's coming completely at rest. This Gefru Giame is the famous scroll of camel-skin which was written over, in mystic characters by Ali himself, and contains an account of all the events that are to happen in the world, from the beginning of Islamism to the end of time. Such a record would have been invaluable, had there been any one who knew how to interpret its meaning. But, unfortunately, the deep truths it contains are like that seal of Mahomet, which is said to have lain for so many ages at the bottom of the Well of Aris,—precious, but undiscoverable.

On those particular points, however, which related to the coming of Ali, the Grand Moullah's new reading had made all clear and intelligible. By a happy mixture of the two alphabets, the Tcheggi and the Agded, which had before been always kept conscientiously separate, he solved the whole difficulty; and showed, that, according to the now obvious meaning of the Second Bab, or Chapter, of the Giafre u Giame, the son-in-law of the Prophet might be expected almost immediately.

Great, accordingly, were the preparations, throughout Esfahan, for the reception of so transcendent a guest. At the Schah's Palace, all that had been ever before seen of pomp and pageantry, for this holy purpose, was now outshone and outdazzled. The milk-white steed, according to custom, stood ready saddled in the Royal stables, but with a richness of housings and trappings hitherto unparalleled; and not only on the poutrel of massy gold that covered his breast, but on every little boss and nob of his costly furniture, the new reading of the Gefru Giame was, by the Grand Moullah's orders inscribed. A band of falconers, too,—the son-in-law having been known, when living, to admire that sport,—stood ready, in attendance, night and day, with each a falcon, of the true Daurian breed on his hand, and the small drum, wherewith to lure the birds, at his girdle. Every night, too, the countless turrets and minarets of the city were lighted up, as for a festival; while watchmen, on all the hills around, were kept looking out incessantly, as well to heaven as to earth, for the great Hero's coming.

But it was not only in such devices of homage and welcome, magnificent, as they were, that the Schah's zeal displayed itself. By a refinement of piety, of

which there had been but one other example in history, he set apart for the expected visitor his only daughter, the beautiful Maami—devoting her to be the bride, if not of Ali, of no other being. Destined thus to so high a station, already was the young and innocent girl made to share all the honors of her anticipated bridegroom; nor was any thing spared that art or fancy could devise, to invest her with a splendor worthy of the destiny that awaited her. Every morning as it rose, was hailed with welcome, as ushering in the Princess's bridal day; and the arrival of new presents, new dresses, marked every succeeding hour. As, in the songs of the Bard of Schiriz, the same beautiful thought returns again and again, in new varieties of phrase, even so does a young Persian maid, on her bridal day, pass, every hour, through some fresh change of loveliness, "another and the same."

And thus was it that the days of the young Maami rolled away, while earth, air, and ocean, were made tributary to her beauty; the pearl, born of the Nisan dew, hanging its brightness round her neck, and the rich pheasant of the far East lending his wing to fan her brow.

Among the ladies of Esfahan, the fate of the young bride formed, as easily may be supposed, the sole topic of conversation; nor knew they which to envy her most, her intended husband, or her wardrobes. To be married to the Commander of the Faithful, was, no doubt, a splendid fate; but, then, to have chores set with the largest rubies of Badakshan—to have such varieties of the gold and silver brocades of Meshed, and such quantities of the sweet elcaya-flower essence for her hair—happy Maami! Every little luxury of her apartments was described and discussed; the sweets burning, all day, in fire-pans of gold; the invisible minstrels, playing from time to time, and, as if by inspiration, following each new mode of her mind; nor was it forgotten that she slept at night on those costly mattresses which are made at Fez, from the rose-leaves of the garden of the Nile.

But, alas! amidst all these luxuries, could the heart of the young bride have been seen into, there would have been found more to pity than to envy in her lot;—for already was that heart occupied by a real, earthly love as innocent, but, at the same time, as passionate as ever yet entered into the soul of woman. The very singularity of the circumstances under which her attachment had been formed, were sufficient to fix it deeply, and forever, in her thoughts. So early, indeed, is the age at which separation takes place between the children of different sexes belonging to a Harem, that her having found any one to love, since her heart *could* love, was, among the features of her strange destiny, not the least strange.

However, so it was; a young prince, the son of the Schah's brother, whose gentle and almost feminine timidity of nature had led to his being detained within the apartments of the Harem to a much later period of boyhood than was usual, was the beloved object to which her heart's young sighs were given, and which now, after a separation of about two or three years, still dwelt in her memory with a freshness and brightness which those thoughts treasured up by innocence alone can retain. Though she had little hope of meeting Kaled again in this world, and her creed forbade the presumptuous notion that she would be with him in the next, yet, to her simple heart, the dream of the past seemed sufficient to throw a light over the future; nor did she know, indeed, or wish for, any greater pleasure, present or to come, than to sit alone in her kiosk, beside the fountain, and think of Kaled.

The announcement to her, therefore, of this strange mystery—this husband who was, they said, expected



out of the clouds to wad her, fell on her ear more like mutterings of some frightful dream, than as waking words spoken by real people. As the ceremonies, of which she was now made the object, went on, her only relief from the vague fears they awakened, was in the persuasion that they might form a part of some religious rite, of which she understood not the meaning; though, at times, fearful bodings came over her that some dread sacrifice was at hand, of which, like the Betrothed Virgin of the Nile, she was to be the adorned victim. The only interval she had of repose from these apprehensions was when, left to herself, at night, she lay on her mattress of rose-leaves from the Garden of the Nile, and instead of dreaming there, as the ladies of Esfahan supposed, of her future glories as Bride of the Commander of the Faithful, her fond fancy wandered back to the time when, in the Gardens of the Summer Palace, among the fountains, she used, with her cousin, to pass days of such calm delight—painting, as he sat beside her, landscapes on jessamine leaves, or chasing with him the blue butterflies till the sun went down.

While such was the mood in which poor Maami awaited her doom, by the Schah himself the event was looked forward to with far other eyes. To be Father-in-law to the Son-in-law of the Prophet, was the very species of relationship, which, taken both temporally and spiritually, was the most calculated to enchant him; and it was remarked that, ever since he had marked out for himself this semi-celestial connexion, his beard was deeply tinged with henna, in imitation of the Prophet. Observing with surprise and regret the entire apathy of his daughter on the subject, he took pains, by picturing to her all the glories of Ali, his heroism, his beauty, to elevate her mind to a pitch worthy of such a lofty destiny; reading over to her, for this purpose, all the learned observations which the Commentators on the 76th chapter of the Koran have written, and which over the lids of the weary maiden, fell like poppy dews.

With the same motive, all those poems, in Ali's praise, which are written round the galleries of Abbas's tomb, in letters of gold, were, by the Schah's orders, transcribed for his daughter's perusal, and, in a book beautiful as that which contains the Loves of Joseph and Zuleika, were laid on her table. The power of the hero's renowned sword, Sulfakhar,—the splendor of his heron-tuft, and the surpassing beauty of his eyes,—such are the never-ending themes of those poems.

Had the young bride's heart been less deeply pre-occupied, such an account of her intended husband's eyes would, at least, have piqued curiosity; but, as it was, she laid down the book, abstractedly, with a sigh, and calling to a faithful female attendant who had, from her childhood, waited upon her, desired that she would sing to her that sweet love-song which her cousin Kaled used playfully to address to her in their happy days.

## GAZEL.

Haste, Maami, the spring is nigh,  
Already, in th' unopen'd flowers  
That sleep around us, Fancy's eye  
Can see the blush of future bowers;  
And joy it brings to thee and me,  
My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet frozen on its way  
To feed the marble Founts of Kings,  
Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,  
Upon its path exulting springs,  
As does my faithful heart to thee,  
My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay,  
Enough if they awhile remain;  
Like Irem's bowers,\* that fade away,  
From time to time, and come again.  
And life shall all one Irem be,  
For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart  
Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,  
That rends its inmost leaves apart  
With passion for the nightingale;  
So languishes this soul for thee,  
My bright and blushing Maami!

In the meanwhile, time went on; the milk-white steed and the falconers were relieved, day and night; the watchmen upon the hills kept constantly on the alert; every evening new devices of illumination were invented; and seven times a day was the toilet of the young bride performed by the women, of inventive fancy, who, like those of the Princess Mherbanou, "washed their hands seven times in rose-water," preparatory to each toilet. Day after day was this routine of magnificence carried on;—the treasury of the descendants of Abbas groaned under the expense, and still the son-in-law of the Prophet gave no signs of coming. The grand Moullah began to tremble for the reputation of his new reading; the Schah fancied that it was all owing to his not having put henna enough on his beard; and the tribe of doubters, who had been for some time silent, now ventured sarcastically to hint that, as Ali was "the Lord of Time,"<sup>†</sup> doubtless he would take his own time in coming.

In short, the chances seemed all in favor of poor Maami's escape, from both the honor and horror of this preternatural marriage, when, one morning, to the confusion of doubters, and the utter astonishment even of those who had pretended most confidently to expect such an event, it was announced at day-break, from all the minarets of Esfahan, with beating of gongs and clashing of cymbals, that the Great Ali had, on the preceding night, appeared to the Faithful, and was, at that moment, saying his prayers in the great Porphyry Chapel, adjoining to the Tombs of the Royal Schahs. The first impulse of the public mind was, naturally, a little feeling of disappointment, at the quiet and unostentatious manner in which this great arrival had been performed;—a descent from the clouds, in a chariot of fire, having been the very least that was expected. The important fact, however, that the Commander had actually arrived, and the curiosity to know all particulars, soon absorbed every other consideration; and the exact circumstances, as detailed by the Court authorities, were as follows.

On the preceding evening, had been celebrated what the Moslems call the Anniversary of the Sacrifice, from its being the day on which the Pilgrims at Mecca slay the victims in the valley of Mina; and, as a part of the ceremonies, usual on this sacred occasion, it was required that flambeaux should be kept lighted all night, in the great Porphyry Chapel, and that a certain number of Moullahs, or Doctors of the Law, should watch and pray there till morning. In compliance with this ancient custom, these reverend personages, who had of late years, reduced the number of lighted flambeaux considerably, for the double purpose of adding to their perquisites and keeping their slumbers undisturbed, composed themselves solemnly to sleep, before their sandalwood reading-desks, with all the pomp and accustomed gravity becoming their high stations.

They had not long, however, been performing this duty, when a loud crash, as if of bursting armor, startled them all from their cushions; and at the same moment a voice, strong as that of the iron-bodied Infendiar, rung through the Chapel. What the language was in which the voice articulated, none of them, at that time, knew; but a Doctor, more learned than the rest, has since pronounced it to be the ancient Guebrish: and the name

"Ali" was distinctly audible among the sounds. For the nerves of the greater number of these Doctors, this burst of Guebrish was quite sufficient; nor did they wait for any further, but, overturning their sandalwood reading desks, and scattering, to right and left, the Books of the Law, they fled precipitately, without once looking behind them, from the Chapel. One or two of the party, somewhat more self-possessed, ventured to cast a vague glance, before they started, towards the corner from whence these most awful sounds proceeded, and there saw, by the dim light, a tall heroic form, with a sword inlaid and bright, like the ever lustrous Sufakhar, and a turban bearing on its front such a cluster of radiance as could be no other than the heron-tuft of the great Ali himself.

Having taken this one look, the reverend Doctors were, with all speed, hastening out of the presence, when they found themselves arrested by the sound of that unearthly voice, and not daring again to look back, stood trembling, while it commanded,—speaking this time, as it appeared, in very intelligible Persian,—that "the maiden, whoever she might be, selected to become the Bride of Ali, should on the following evening, at night fall, come alone, to the Royal Tombs to meet him."

Such in substance, was the intelligence which, on that memorable morning, was, by the Shah's orders, communicated to his affectionate subjects, respecting an event so interesting to the whole Musselman world. Nothing further of moment, transpired in the course of the day—no other eyes but those mentioned, having caught the glimpse of the Son-in-law;—and as it was supposed, from this seclusion, to be the illustrious Visitant's wish to devote the first day of his arrival to prayer and meditation, guards were placed at a respectful distance, all day, round the Chapel and the Tombs, to keep off all intruders who might, from curiosity or zeal, encroach upon his privacy.

But, in the midst of all this excitement and wonder, who shall describe the feelings of poor Maami? So long had she been kept in dreadful expectation of such an event, that apprehension had at last begun to wear itself out; and, in the struggle between her natural cheerfulness and the bodings that sometimes crossed her, a mood of mind was produced, half sunny, half shadowy, in which—like the eyes of those who wander through forest-paths at noon—her reason had become bewildered. It even seemed to her, at moments, that she was but the Princess of some Fairy Tale,—herself and all around her mere creations of fancy,—and that all, therefore, would according to custom, end happily at last. But from this delusion she was now awakened,—awakened to the too dreadful certainty, that the catastrophe of her strange fate had at length arrived, and that she was to be, that very night, married to a man dead since the year of the Hegira 32!

Had even her education in Hagiology been properly attended to, she would have known better how to appreciate such a family connexion;—the race of Ali having given more Saints to the Moslem calendar than any other in the whole range of Persian heraldry, and the cities of Com Com and Cashan being crowded with their shrines. But the young Princess knew little of these matters; and would have preferred one more summer, with her sweet cousin, at the pleasant palace among the mountains, to a whole century passed in company with the most illustrious Dead of Islamism.

In her despair—though but too well knowing how obstinate was her revered parent, in all matters of religion, she flung herself at his feet; entreating that he would yet save her from this dread doom, and substitute any other young lady of Esfahan in her place. There were numbers she knew, among the noblest born of the court, who envied her good fortune; and, as it was evident, from the language of the Great commander's message, that he knew not—perhaps cared not—who was to be his bride, let lots, she said, be cast among all who were ambitious of such an honor, and with delight would she herself

surrender to the happy winner not only her sublime husband, but even her best Badakshan rubies, her most precious silks of Ghilan, and her relays of forty-nine-tire-women (seven for every day in the week) into the bargain. The pious Shah was, as might be expected, inexorable,—such a son-in-law being a prize not so easily to be relinquished; and the only indulgence her tears and entreaties could wring from him was, that she should not, according to the strict letter of the bridegroom's commands, go alone to meet him, but that her faithful attendant, Haluta, should be allowed to accompany her.

The evening now approached, and all Esfahan sparkled with festivity. The Workers of Fire and of Light were every where in activity, and new miracles of their art broke out on all sides. In addition to former devices, the great streets and squares were all hung with illuminated strips, or sashes of taffeta, on each of which was written some verse of the Koran, so that (as was said by a court poet who described the scene,) "the Sacred Book might be read entire as you walked the streets, and it seemed as if the angel Gabriel had, a second time, brought down the Koran in characters of light."

In mournful contrast to all this gaiety was the slow melancholy procession, which, as soon as night began to fall, conducted the youthful bride and her attendants to the unlighted precincts of the Garden of the Tombs. From the unostentatious manner in which the great Commander had himself made his appearance, and the solemnity of the place where he had appointed to meet his Bride, it was concluded that all ceremonies partaking of ought but the same simple solemnity should be avoided. Accordingly, preceded by the Grand Moullah, and about half a dozen Doctors of the Law, bearing among them, on a large cushion of velvet and gold, the original camel-skin manuscript of the Gefreu Giame, the young Princess, in a rich mohaffa, or litter, followed closely by her faithful attendant in another, was conducted, slowly and silently, to the entrance of that place of melancholy grandeur, where, in their tombs of white marble, the Princes of the race of Abbas repose.

Here, descending from her mohaffa, it was with difficulty the almost fainting princess could be supported, while the Grand Moullah, after pronouncing over her a short prayer, in which he hailed her, "Bride of Ali," opened the small silver portal that led into the Garden of the Tombs, and then closed it again upon her and her attendant—as they shuddering thought—forever. Under any other circumstances, the calm silence of this cemetery, unbroken but by the rustling sound of the doves in the cypress-trees, would have been to the royal maiden a relief, after the life of ceremony she had been leading. But now, her heart sunk within her as she entered it, and unable to advance another step from the threshold, she stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look further.

At length, the continued stillness, and a few cheering words from her companion, having somewhat calmed her fears, and made her feel that she was not entirely deserted—she raised her eyes to the scene before her, and nothing could look more assuringly tranquil. The moon was just rising, and her light, mingling with that of the lamps which hung dimly from the railing that surrounded the tombs, produced between them, that sort of pale and twilight glimmer, in which the dead, in their middle state, may be supposed to sleep. Though still trembling all over, already was the young maiden beginning to be soothed into a feeling of security by the enlivening stillness around; when, suddenly, her eyes grew fixed with horror, and she recoiled, shuddering, against the portal. On looking towards one of the larger tombs, she had seen something in its shadow move like life; and, as she gazed, an armed figure became slowly visible. For a second or two, it stood darkly in the moonlight—and now was fast approaching her. In an agony of fear, she seized convulsively the arm of her attendant, and uttering a faint, smothered shriek, sunk perfectly senseless on the pavement.



While thus in the Garden of the Tombs, this painful scene was taking place, in every other part of Esfahan rejoicing and revelry were at their height; nor was it till the sun shone on the gay streamers of the barges on the Zandoruth, that sleep could find, in that whole city, one willing votary. All parted, too, with the anticipation that the succeeding evening's gaities would be celebrated with even still more splendor and glory, as the great Mortis Ali himself, thrice blessed and twice son in law, would, along with his young bride, be present to grace the festival.

At a respectful hour in the morning, the Grand Moulah, and his reverend brethren, were duly in waiting at the silver portal of the Garden of the Tombs. They found all closed and tranquil as it had been left the night before—neither the Commander of the Faithful nor his Bride had given any signs of stirring. Hour after hour did the holy personages wait at that portal, holding the cushion with the sacred camel skin reverently uplifted; but neither the Commander of the Faithful nor his Bride yet made their appearance. All this time, too, courtiers, mounted on fleet Arab barbs, were, every ten minutes, flying off to the Schah's palace for orders.

In this perplexing state of suspense was the day passing away, all the affairs of Church and State kept completely at a stand-still—the milk-white steed pawing the air—the falconers ready with their drums—and all Esfahan on tiptoe to see the Illustrious Stranger. At length, towards evening, a Council was held by the Schah, at which all the most learned of his Counsellors having delivered their opinions, it was decided unanimously by the Schah himself that, without any offence to piety, the Grand Moulah might be deputed to wait on the secluded hero, and invite him to “shed the light of his heron-tuft over the longing eyes of the Faithful.”

In pursuance of this resolution, a few minutes after sunset, just as the voices from the minarets were one by one dying away, the great functionary of the Church proceeded on his important mission—not a little gratified that his success in predictions and new readings should have been rewarded by an appointment so responsible and dignified. With a few of the most eminent Doctors of the Law in his train, he repaired in due pomp to the Garden of the Tombs, and under the awful expectation of being dazzled, on their entrance, by the much sung eyes of the “Distributor of Lights and Graces,” opened the grand portal. To their astonishment, they found all within silent and solitary—the tombs, the oratories, the beds of sweet smelling herbs—all mute and motionless, as if life was there unknown. In vain did they pause to listen—well knowing that the smallest whisper of that voice which had already startled the nerves of some of their fraternity, would be audible. But not a sound was stirring:—even the doves, in their high nests seemed breathless, and nothing was heard but the din of the distant city, already murmuring at the delay of the expected guest.

“Wonderful!” muttered the Grand Moulah to himself, as he walked anxiously among the cypress-trees, expecting every moment to see some vestige of the Great Unseen—some sign like that of the Shining Hand put forth from among the dark leaves. But no such sign was given; and the only trace they could find of life in that region, was a slight impression on one of the beds of sweet basil, among the tombs, as if some light Peri form had been seated among its leaves; while, on the gravel walk near, lay a dead leaf of jessamine, on which some faint lines of drawing still were visible, and a piece of paper scrawled over with a few indifferent verses, beginning—

“Haste, Maami, the spring is nigh.”

From that day to the present, nothing further has ever been known, respecting either the Son-in-law, his fair Bride, or the faithful Halutz. The Schah, though deprived of his daughter, and disappointed of the pleasure of showing off, as Father-in-law, was somewhat comforted by a decision of a Grand Council of Moulahs, which pro-

nounced that the miracle of Ali's coming had been accomplished in his reign; and that as on the Hero's first disappearance from earth, he had been accompanied by his favorite camel, so on this occasion, he had taken up with him the Schah's daughter and her faithful waiting-woman.

Among the doubters, indeed, there was a story current, which professed to be the true history of the transaction, and according to which, the pretended Ali was no other than the Princess's cousin, young Kaled, who, having lately, as it was known, returned from the wars on the Caspian, had taken advantage of the expectation of Ali's coming, to possess himself of a treasure which both heaven and nature seemed to have destined for him. It was even added, that the retreat of the young fugitives was known, and that they were then living, secluded, in a small fairy mansion which they had built on the shores of the blue Lake of Shahee, after the model of the Schah's Summer Palace among the mountains.

\* The “Rose Garden of Irem,” the Paradise of the Persians, which they believe re-appears on earth, from time to time.

† One of the titles given to Ali.

‡ See the Persian Tales.

§ The name of the river that runs through the city.

From the Genesee Farmer.

### THE BLUE BIRD.

I was amused the other day with the boldness of a Blue Bird, which flew at me repeatedly in defence of his brood. The young birds had just come out, and were perched on a tree in the fruit garden, which I happened to approach. His object was only to frighten, however, as he only came within 3 or 4 feet. I was pleased with his affectionate solicitude for his young.

This trait of character is not noticed by Wilson. He describes the Blue Bird as “of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds.” A friend, however, who has seen them fight with the robins and with the martins, considers them very pugnacious; and Wilson himself, in another place, has given an account of their wars, and of their victories over the martins. Like other warriors, however, sometimes they have found the tide of battle to set against them, and my friend has seen them routed by the former, and dispossessed of their boxes.

POVERTY AND RESPECTABILITY.—In defiance of the spirit of American freedom, the demonstrations of philosophy, and the very nature of things, there are thousands who obsequiously succumb to the notion that wealth makes the man, that riches confer a legitimate superiority, and lawfully fills out for the fortunate possessor a diploma of respectability. This idea of course does not apply to low scoundrels that may have amassed wealth by means notoriously foul, but is certainly applicable to far too great an extent in society. We certainly would not be understood, as speaking in disparagement of riches or the rich, but we deprecate the slavish sentiment that obtains among those unfavored by fortune, that all important movements must be left to be set on foot by those in the “upper walks” of life. Now, for ourselves, we discard the idea of any “upper walk” save and except the one wherein the benefactors of their race are found.

Heaven has given unto men and women minds, which if exerted might soon raise them from their low estate, and fully entitle them, pecuniary circumstances notwithstanding, to rank with the “respectable,” and tread with impunity in the “upper walk.”—*Franklin Dai. Adv.*

## MISCELLANY.

## LONDON ROGUES.

From the London Metropolitan, conducted by the poets Campbell and Moore, we take the following story:

I was mentioning my adventure at dinner, and wondering how I could have been robbed so easily on the part of the thief, and so unconsciously on the part of myself, when one of those practical wags whom one occasionally meets in society, and who happened to be of the party, declared with a look of lamb-like innocence, that he saw nothing at all strange in it: "for," said he, "the London pickpockets are so expert, that put your money where you will, they'll have it."

This I, suspecting nothing, ventured rather to doubt, whereupon this *gentleman*—for so I must call him—said that he would bet twenty pounds that, put my money where I pleased, a London thief should get it away from me between Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange. This seemed to me, having conceived a little project of mine own for its frustration, a contrivance next to impossible; so when he said he would bet the twenty sovereigns, I said, Done, and he said, Done: who was done eventually you shall hear.

The only condition which was imposed upon me was to tell my friend whereabouts my person I meant to carry my property; to this of course I consented, and then came out the depth of my contrivance and the ingenuity of my precautions. "A guinea," said I to the gentleman, "is the property I mean to preserve, and in order to do so, I mean to carry it in my mouth."

The company laughed heartily at my opponent, and gave me the greatest possible credit for my readiness, and we finished the evening with much hilarity, and at the close of our sitting, the following day was fixed for my experimental journey from King Charles the First at Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange on Cornhill.

Well! away I went, holding the golden portraiture of his late majesty George the Fourth, as tight between my teeth as I had formerly held a bit of wood while under the painful discipline of Dr. Waddington's birch at school, resolved that no power should induce me to let go my guinea.

All succeeded according to my wishes. The tall portal of Exeter Hall, already for Gog and Magog when they walk westward, and the lengthened avenue of Waterloo bridge, were passed in safety; Somerset House, the Strand Theatre, Jones's Lucifer shop, the Lancet office, Paul's banking house, and Twining's tea shop, were successfully achieved: when just thinking of an epigram on the said shop, which I recollected to have seen some years since in a newspaper, and which, I dare say, every body else has forgotten; I repeated to myself the thing, which runs thus:

It seems as if nature had curiously planned,  
That names should with calling agree;  
There's *T'winning* the tea-man who lives in the Strand,  
Would be *winning* if robbed of his T.

Just as I had finished, I heard a prodigious noise, and in a minute found myself in the middle of a crowd assembled, as it appeared to me, like Roderick Dhu's troopers at a preconcerted signal. There I was in the midst of it. What then! said I; let what may occur I say nothing; I shall keep my mouth shut, and keep my golden opinion to myself; nothing shall "drop from the honorable gentleman," which shall endanger my treasure and my bet.

"Come, what's all this here noise about?" said a police-man; "move on."

"Move on, Shir!" said a poor Jew boy, his eyes streaming with tears, "I vish I could move on; but dese coot gentlemens have run right against me and upset my box vith all my razors, and combs, and shigars."

"Poor boy!" said one man, (a remarkably genteel looking individual,) "here my poor fellow!" and he picked up a comb for him. Then came another who handed him a razor or two, and so on, until it appeared to me he had collected nearly the whole contents of his box; when another gentleman said to him, "Well Mosee, have you got all your rattletaps together again?"

"All but my guinea, Sir," said the boy; "a guinea vich is all de monish I haif in de whole varsal world; dat I shoppose is rolled in the muds."

"Muds, Moses!" said a little urchin with a snub nose and a hairy cap—I never shall forget his countenance—"what d'ye mean by muds? I seed that 'ere gentleman with a black stock pick it up ever so long ago."

The police-man looked me full in the face, so did the rest of the people. I wore a black stock.

"What did he do with it, my dear?" said a Brob-dignagean woman without a bonnet, addressing the imp who had just spoken.

"Vy, he vipt it into his mouth," said the urchin: "I seed him vith my own eyes."

With whose eyes he should have seen such a sight except his own, I did not stay to ask; but I exclaimed, foaming with rage, "Why you little——"

"Ah," bellowed the hugo Amazon,

"The guardian naiad of the Strand,"

"if you hav'nt got it in your mouth, vy don't you speak plain?"

Upon this the mob, police-men and all, put me to trial. Never were cross questions more fatal to a culprit, than the consolidated one-pound-one at that moment between my teeth was to me.

"Give the boy his money!" cried one. "Shame!" cried another. "You'd better give it up!" said the police-man; when, seeing several of the more active of the mobocracy falling to the rear, and arming themselves with sundry handfuls of thick Mackadam pudding from the highway, I made a merit of necessity, gave the Jew boy my gold for *Ransom*, and slunk off to *Moreland's* to write a cheque for my lost twenty pounds.

## HARMONIOUS.

From the New York Constellation.

It is a perilous undertaking to attempt to settle differences between man and wife, as many a well-meaning umpire has found to his cost. Instead, therefore, of expressing our individual opinion, in relation to the grievances recorded in the following letters, we take the safer course of laying them before the public. Besides the identity of surname, in the signatures, the epistles are evidently the productions of two persons, who, whatever may be their jarrings in musical taste, are conjugally of "one flesh."

MR. EDITOR:—When courting my dear wife, that now is, I used to praise her music, both vocal and instrumental; and I believe went so far as to declare she sang like an angel. But I assure you it was all out of mere compliment, and I had no idea but she would take it as such. But think of my consternation, when the very next day after we were married, she asked me to get her a piano. I endeavored to smile at the request, and told her that her music delighted



me above all things: but that, now she was married, she would find so many interesting things to attend to, that she would have no time to devote to music. But all my arguments were of no avail—have a piano she must, and have a piano she would. I was obliged to comply, of course, you know; for, to quarrel with one's dear wife so soon after one is married, would be very shocking.

Like a good and gentle husband, therefore, I purchased the piano—hoping, at all events, that my wife would not be so unreasonable as to make any great use of it. But alas! how was I disappointed! It was no sooner brought home and placed in one corner of the parlor, than she began to thump, thump—strum, strum—bawl and squall, from morning till night, and nearly from night till morning, for she would insist upon playing after I was in bed.

And then only think of the money it costs for new music. Every song, rondo, catch, glee, and the — knows what, that is advertised and puffed in the newspapers, she must have. Every day she begs money of me for the purchase of some piece of music. But that is not the worst of it; I would willingly pay the expense of all the music that has been invented since the days of Orpheus, if she would only be so reasonable as never to attempt playing it.

If I manifest any weariness at her thumping and strumming, she complains that I have no ear for music, and that I am strangely altered from what I was previous to marriage. And then she puts her handkerchief to her eye; and then I protest I love music of all things, but—And here, Mr. Editor, I usually stop for the sake of peace and quietness. I have now been married the greater part of a year, and during all that time the thumping and strumming, and squalling has continued. I have now no hopes, except in the counter-music of a family of children—of which, by the by, I am likely soon to be blessed with a specimen.

Yours, in tribulation,

THOS. TYMPANUM.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1832.

MR. EDITOR,—I take the liberty of laying my *grievances* before you, in hope you will *point* out some mode of *undressing* them. I am a married *wumman*, and therefore ought by good *rites* to be a happy one. But *a-luss!* I am the most miserable *creacher* in existence.—And what do you think it all springs from? *Muzic*—nothing in the world but *muzic!* Would you believe it? my husband has no ear for *muzic!* Had I known this beforehand, I never would have married him till the day of pancakes. But I was deceived by his *flatterys*. When he came a-courting, he used to *confess* the most extravagant admiration of my singing and playing on the *peanner*. He said my *muzic* was *angelic*, and that he was *executively* fond of it. But now I think 'twas all no such thing. I've reason to believe he never had no ear for *muzic*, and that all his confessions was a mere sham, done only to make an impression on my *hart*. Would you believe it? he has the *oddacity* to think because I'm married, that I ought to attend to household *dutys*. Was there ever such a thing *heard* of? I mean in *moddern* times. I hav'nt been married a year yet, and he thinks I ought to turn my hands to something else besides the *peanner*—when the truth is, Mr. Editor, I don't play above six or seven *ours* a day at most: Of what *yuse* I would ask is a *wumman's* *not lege*, if she can't make any *yuse* of it. My father and mother, dear good *foax*, took a great deal of *panes* in having me taught the *peanner*, and singing, and all that. And now my husband he takes it into his head, as it were, to *mollify* and *vetooe* all my kind parents has done. I don't wish to quarrel with him, or set up my will against *hism*. But don't you think, Mr. Editor, I ought to *insert* my prerogative? If we wives give way in one thing, we may in another—and there's no knowing where it will *ceend*. "From harmony, from heavenly harmony," says *Shakespeare*, "this universal *form* began," and I'm inclined to stick to my *muzic* as long as I have the *yuse* of my fingers or my *tung*;—wouldn't you, Mr. Editor, if you was in my place?

TABITHA TYMPANUM.

P. S. I should have written something more—but my husband has just this moment come in, and therefore I must wind off, to play him a *chune*. He flattered my *muzic* before he married me, and he shall have his — ears full of it now.

T. T.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17, 1832.

## THE SPORTSMAN.

### EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.

The great match between the two American horses, Rattler, the property of Mr. Osbaldestone, and Rochester, the property of Mr. Payne, came off yesterday according to appointment, on the ground between Whittleston Bridge and Royston. Mr. O. backed his horse at £1000 to Mr. P's £500; and the distance was five miles, and was performed in harness. Rattler, it will be recollected, was brought over to this country from America some time back, in company with the celebrated Tom Thumb, by Mr. Jackson, and both horses were purchased by Mr. Osbaldestone.

At the time appointed, the respective parties met at Whittlesford Bridge: at this period considerable throngs of spectators were collected all along the road, who selected such elevated points, as were likely to afford them the most extended view of the trot.

The articles specified that both were to start at a given signal, and that each should keep his own side till he was a clear length before his antagonist, when he might take the course of the road; but if called to, with a view of affording a facility of passing, he was again to keep his own side. It was also provided that if either horse broke into a gallop, he was to be pulled up, and the wheels of the match cart moved back, at the command of the umpire. It was, of course understood that there was to be neither crossing nor jostling, and that the match was to be conducted in the fairest and most honorable manner. These matters being all satisfactorily arranged, the horses, which were in the immediate vicinity of the starting post, were brought to the post.

Mr. Osbaldestone, whose weight is eleven stone, undertook to drive his own horse, and Macdonald, the jockey, was chosen to drive Rochester; his weight is about nine stone. Each was seated in a match cart of the highest possible construction; that of Rochester, we understand, being 15 pounds less in weight than that of Rattler; and the harness of both horses was as slender in character as safety would permit. Mr. O. drove in a common snaffle bit, but Macdonald had a bit of a severer description. There were several persons on horseback to attend on each match cart and clear the way, while a crowd of spectators mounted on hacks, were prepared to accompany them.

About half past twelve, all being in readiness, and both horses eager for the start, the appointed signal was given and the struggle commenced. Both horses started at speed, but Rattler took the lead at a tremendous pace, close followed by Rochester. The shouting and cheers were now deafening, and Rattler being some lengths in advance took the crown or centre of the road. Rattler appeared to be gaining ground, and Macdonald, who at starting had placed his whip in a case at the back of his match cart, put his hand round to reach it, thinking it necessary to apply the persuader to his horse; to his mortification, however, he found it had been either thrown or taken out. At the end of two miles Rattler was nearly sixty yards a head, and at this point was the favorite 10 to 1. Macdonald was then supplied with a small stick, which he used, and the stallion mended his pace, and lessened the distance between himself and Rattler, who continued his almost inconceivable pace. Mr. Osbaldestone pulling, apparently with all his strength at his reins. After this the stallion, in increasing his speed, broke twice, and as Macdonald says, was pulled up and backed; but this, as will hereafter appear, was disputed. When we first caught sight from the winning post of Mr. Osbaldestone, he was about twelve yards in advance.

Here Rattler obviously broke into a gallop for a few yards but quickly resumed his trot, and came on in the most gallant style. Mr. Osbaldestone holding him in, and looking round with a smile of triumph. Macdonald applied his stick, increased his speed, and closed fast upon his antagonist, till at last his horse's head was close to his wheel. At this moment Mr. Osbaldestone, who was on the centre of the road, either from being called to by Macdonald or of his own accord, drew a little to his own side at the moment Macdonald was trying to pass in the same direction. Both were at this crisis so close at home that it was impossible for Macdonald to change the fate of the race; for in the next moment Rattler had passed the winning post, the nose of Rochester touching the wheel of the match-cart as the shouts of his friends proclaimed him the winner. Mr. Lawton, who was the umpire for Mr. Payne, who was behind the two horses, now exclaimed that Rochester had won, for that Rattler had broken and had not been pulled up when he called to the 'Squire. Mr. Osbaldestone denied that he had heard any call, which, from the noise that prevailed, was more than probable; and retorted by saying, (in which he was confirmed by Mr. England) that Rochester had broken twice, and that Macdonald, though called to the last time, had not pulled up and backed according to the articles. Both horses were of course excessively warm, but neither showed any extraordinary symptoms of distress.

Both Mr. Payne and Mr. Osbaldeston arrived in town last night; and, in all probability, the course to be pursued will be settled this day at Tattersall's. In the interim the bets on the match remain undecided; but not so the bets against time, which are considered as concluded. Immediately after the match was over, the parties holding the watches repaired to a farm house close at home, where, in the presence of several persons, they were produced and compared, and from them it appeared that the five miles had been completed by Rattler in precisely *thirteen minutes & fifty-eight seconds!* That is to say, two seconds under the fourteen minutes. A degree of trotting speed, as we have before said, unequalled in the records of trotting in this country.

A second and more laborious match, in which Rattler is engaged, is to come off on Thursday next, beyond Newmarket, on the Thetford road. He is matched to trot in saddle against Driver, the property of Mr. Lawton, for £500, thirty-four miles; that is to say, seventeen miles out and in. Driver is the pony which recently performed seventeen miles within the hour, at Smitham Bottom, is broken kneed, and altogether a "screw to look at;" and yet his admirers are confident of success.—*London Paper.*

## VARIETIES.

### MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

From a volume entitled "The Music of Nature," by W. Gardner. Just published.

The following are curious facts, relative to the powers of the human ear:—

"The atmosphere is the grand medium by which sound is conveyed, though recent discoveries prove that other bodies conduct it with greater expedition, as in the instance of vibrating a tanning fork, to the stem of which is attached a packthread string; on the other end being wrapt round the little finger, and placed in the chamber of the ear, the sound will be audibly conveyed to the distance of two hundred yards, though not perceptible to any bystander. Miners, in boring for

coal, can tell by the sound what substance they are penetrating; and a recent discovery is that of applying a listening-tube to the breast to detect the motions of the heart. The quickness which some persons possess in distinguishing the smaller sounds, is very remarkable. A friend of the writer has declared he could readily perceive the motion of a flea, when on his night-cap, by the sound emitted by the machinery of his leaping powers. However extraordinary this may appear, we find a similar statement is given in the ingenious work upon insects, by Kirby & Spence, who say, 'We know of no other insect, the tread of which is accompanied by sound, except indeed the flea, whose step a lady assured me she always hears when it passes over her night-cap, and that it clacks as if it was walking in pattens!' If we can suppose the ear to be alive to such delicate vibrations, certainly there is nothing in the way of sound too difficult for it to achieve."

Of the great superiority of Cremona violins:—

"To those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments, the following observations will be fully understood. The violins made at Cremona about the year 1660 are superior in tone to any of a later date—age seems to dispossess them of their noisy qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of these instruments, it will appear much the louder of the two, but on receding 100 paces, when compared with the *Amati*, it will be scarcely heard."

### MONEY, OR NO MONEY.

We have heard a very amusing story, of the mode of procedure of a famous *Cholera Curer* of this city. He does not visit his patients; on the contrary, they are such as are able to visit him. The first inquiry he makes is respecting the state of their pockets; and he makes up his mind of the disease accordingly. To those who are very sick, he gives a vial of his *specific*, and charges ten dollars; to others, he merely deals out a few pills, for which he charges nothing.

Taking each patient aside, as his turn comes, he says to him—

"Sair, ave you some cash—some money?"

"No, sir, I'm very poor, indeed."

"Ver poor! eh? Sair me ver sorry for you—ver sorry indeed, sair."

"I have no money at all, sir—I'm as poor as Job's turkies."

"Eh! no money at all? poor as de Job Turk? Mon Dieu! Me ver sorry for you. Sair, me feely your pulse. Not mush bad—not mush bad. No money, eh? Vy, sair, I ave de grond plaseir to say, sair, dat you have leetul cholera—ver leetul—not mush—you get vell—you no bad, sair—you got no money. I chargzhe you nossin at all, sair."

Having dismissed this patient he calls in another, and puts the same important questions respecting the state of his finances. Finding them favorable, he proceeds to examine the tongue, the pulse, and so forth. He then shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head ominously, and exclaims—"Mon Dieu! Ver bad! Ver bad! Sair, you ave got de ver bad cholera—ver bad—you tong, you pulse—tout ver bad. Me no wish to give you alarm—me no wish to scary you; but, sair, you ave got de ver bad cholera about you. You vill die, sair, unless, unless you take my grand specific. Nossin but dat vill your life save. You go to de debil quick, you no take it. Dis vial vill cury you. I savy you life, sair—I must chargzhe you for him. De grond specific is very costly—I must chargzhe you *ten dollaire!*"

The patient takes his vial of the grand cholera specific, pays the ten dollars, and in his turn gives way to some new patient—the violence of whose disease is to be



determined by the amount in his pocket.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

**THE CLOSE OF SUMMER.**—A period of time is just drawing to a close that will be long remembered in our country. A summer of fear, disaster and death, has passed over us—a summer during which the very atmosphere was inhaled with distrust, and the richest fruits rejected, and the approach of friends dreaded. But it is over—and, probably, with it much of the distress and imminent danger of the season will pass away. We shall again hear the din and witness the bustle of business in our crowded streets. The great danger will be that the days of darkness and sorrow shall be so far forgotten that each salutary influence which may have been created by the presence of a fearful chastisement from the hand of the Lord will be dissipated, and a more terrible evil befall us.

It should be recollected that we have just been suffering—are now suffering—the lightest of the three scourges of God—War, Famine and Pestilence. We suffer that which was chosen by David as the least of three evils—and the thought that there are yet heavier bolts in the hand of Almighty justice should stir us up to see that the present chastisement has its due effect upon our hearts.—*N. York Messenger.*

**MAJOR ANDRE.**—It is certainly a very singular circumstance, that Andre should, in a very satirical poem, have foretold his own fate. It was called the "*Cow Chase*," and was published by Rivington, at New York, in consequence of the failure of an expedition undertaken by Wayne for the purpose of collecting cattle. Great liberties are taken with the American officers employed on the occasion. With

"Harry Lee and his Dragoons, and Proctor with his Cannon."

But the point of his irony seemed particularly aimed at Wayne, whose entire baggage, he asserts, was taken, containing

"His Congress dollars, and his prog,  
His military speeches:  
His cornstalk whiskey for his grog,  
Black stockings and blue breeches."

And concludes by observing, that it is necessary to check the current of satire,

"Lest the same warrior-drover Wayne,  
Should catch—and hang the Poet."

He was actually taken by a party from the division of the army immediately under the command of Wayne.—*Garden.*

From the National Intelligencer.

#### THE ALTERNATIVE.

*Or, an Apology for the Board of Health.*

Quoth Tom to the Doctor, my poor brother Ned  
Was yesterday taken with cramps, and is dead.  
So, so! says the Doctor, he's been eating squash,  
Or lemons, or ices, or such other trash.  
Ah! no sir, says Tom, he has wholly refrained,  
And, obeying your orders, from eating abstained.  
What! Died without eating of melon or corn?  
Alas! 'tis too true, sir, says Tom, he is gone!  
Ah! well! quoth the Doctor, with some agitation,  
I have it—the poor fellow died of STARVATION. A.

#### PIRATE.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billow's foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home!

These are our realms, no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all we meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change;  
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
Nor thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!  
Whom slumber soothes not—plasure cannot please—  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's madd'ning play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

*Byron.*

**MEDICAL CANDOR.**—Dr. Samuel Garth, who was one of the Kit Kat Club, coming there one night, declared that he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his appointments, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which amounted to fifteen, and said, "It's no matter whether I see them to night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

**POETICAL.**—Persons who have visited one of our cities cannot fail to remember the following sign:

"Heer pize & Kake & Bier i sell,  
Good Oyesturz stood & in th' shel,  
And frigh'd uns tew fur them that chews,  
And with Dispatch Black butes & shows."

The following literary curiosity was received by mail a few days since, and as the writer paid the postage we feel inclined to gratify him, and perhaps amuse some of our readers.

Mr. Printer—Sir—Knowing that Religion is of the Greatest Consequence to Mankind Generally and fearing that the Rising Generation Will Loose Sight of it By Reason of disobedience to their Pairents Which Sows the Seeds of discord and confusione in Every family Where children will Not Obey their parents And attend to Religion for this Reason I Send you these Lines Which you may Give a place in your if you please.

Happy the Man, to Whom God Sends  
Obedient children, and faithful friends  
thrice happy is he, that has a wife  
that helps him in, this Preasant Life  
Woman was Given as a help meat  
By one hand to Man  
And Not meant that with her other hand  
She Should Spend all She Can  
And Now Mr Printer i tell you  
Surely am one  
that writes out of feelings  
And Not out of fun.

Yours With Much Respect a friend to Religion if you Wish to know my Name it is G P of W Wareham.

**COURTSHIP OF THE LATE DR. R.**—Dear Sir, I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged, Eliza L. Dear Miss Eliza, I beg your pardon, but wrote your name in mistake: it was Miss Ann I meant to ask; and have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R. The Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and as they say in fairy tales, "lived very happy all the rest of their lives."

**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—A child fell from a chamber window last week, into a basket of eggs, and ruined almost the whole lot.

## NOTES OF A UNIVERSAL READER.

"Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

To endeavor all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour that one has nothing to defend.—*Shenstone*.

The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.—*Chesterfield*.

Short sighted people, I mean such who have but narrow conceptions, never extended beyond their own little sphere, cannot comprehend that universality of talents which is sometimes observable in one person. They allow no solidity in whatever is agreeable; or when they see in any one the graces of the body, activity, suppleness, and dexterity, they conclude he wants the endowments of the mind, prudence and perspicacity. Let history say what it will, they never will believe Socrates danced.—*Brugere*.

Dr. Pascalis, of New York, expresses the opinion, that abstinence from animal food predisposes the constitution for the malignant cholera. Animal food, he says, "is the staff of our strength; whatever gratifies our taste beyond this, may excite or stimulate for a time, but cannot maintain or increase the power of the animal fabric to support fatigue and reaction."

When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the court of Aldermen of the event—when he wrote to this effect—"I am desired to inform the honorable Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

## LIFE.

The web of our life is of a mingled  
Yarn, good and ill together: Our virtues  
Would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and  
Our crimes would despair, if they were not  
Cherish'd by our virtues. *Shakspeare.*

How sudden do our prospects vary here!  
And how uncertain ev'ry good we boast!  
Hope oft deceives us; and our very joys  
Sink with fruition;—pall, and rust away.  
How wise are we in though! how weak in practice!  
Our very virtue, like our will is—nothing, *Shirley.*

## LEARNING.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart.

If idleness be the root of all evil, then is matrimony good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work.—*Nanburg*.

Virtue, like fire, turns all things into itself; our actions and our friendship are tinctured with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable.—*Seneca*.

The perusal of books of sentiment and of descriptive poetry, and the frequent survey of natural scenery, with a certain degree of feeling and fancy, must have a most beneficial effect upon the imagination and the heart.

The true Fortunatus's purse is the richness of the generous and tender affections, which are worth much more, for felicity, than the highest powers of the understanding, or the brightest favours of Fortune.

Wit will never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.

## GENIUS.

Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art?  
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart?  
Ah no! Where bright imagination reigns,  
The fine wrought spirit feels acuter pains;  
Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,  
There, keener anguish rankles in the mind;  
There, feeling is diffused through every part,  
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;  
And those whose gen'rous souls each tear would keep  
From other's eyes, are born themselves to weep.  
*Hannah More.*

## SKULL.

O empty vault of former glory!  
Where'er thou wert in time of old,  
Thy surface tells thy living story,  
Though now so hollow, dead, and cold;  
For in thy form is yet descried  
The traces left of young desire;  
The painter's art, the statesman's pride,  
The muse's song, the poet's fire?  
But these, forsooth, now seem to be  
Mere lumps on thy periphery.

*Dr. Forster.*

These various organs show the place  
Where friendship lov'd, where passion glow'd,  
Where veneration grew in grace,  
Where justice sway'd, where man was proud—  
Whence wit its slippery sallies threw  
On vanity, thereby defeated;  
Where hope's imaginary view  
Of things to come (fond fool) is seated;  
Where circumspection made us fear,  
'Mid gleams of joy some danger near.

*Dr. Forster.*

## YES.

'Yes!'—Oh! it is a kind reply,  
When flowing from the lips of dear  
Young beauty—in whose ear we sigh  
The one fond wish. What hope—what fear  
Ere to your breast, with blushing face,  
She clings to hide her sweet distress.—  
Ere, mid love's tenderest embrace  
We hear her gently whisper—'yes!'  
'Yes!'—in that word—if aught there can  
Of truthful joy on earth be found—  
'Tis breathed into the soul of man  
From virgin's lips—a holy sound!  
And then—while each young heart with heart  
Rejoiceth—as he takes love's kiss,  
There's bound a tie no force may part—  
Their mutual spirits answer—'yes!'

*Anon.*

*Benefit of early Instruction.*—A lady observing a little girl, apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question of "Whose child are you?" "Child of wrath, ma'am," cried the little urchin, dropping a curtsy as if addressing the parson. "Where were you born?" resumed the lady. "Born in sin, ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian.

A number of the young ladies of Trenton, says a Jersey paper, have associated themselves for the purpose of ministering to such as may be sick of the cholera, and some of their number spend several hours each day, in attending at the hospital when there are patients there. Such an example of benevolence and sympathy towards the afflicted stranger, is worthy of unreserved praise and commendation. They shine with peculiar lustre at this time, when instances are so frequent, in other places, of cholera patients being abandoned to their fate, with only such assistance as a physician, with an extensive practice, can occasionally find time to render. Would that the example of the ladies of Trenton might be extensively copied.



## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1832.

## CHOLERA PREMONITORIES.

Good evening, Mrs. Simpkins—glad to see you: but, ever since the cholera, I've not been a step out of the house except to market.

*Mrs. Simpkins.* La! do you go to market—why do you know that Doctor Scarecrow says, even looking at cucumbers is bad for the cholera! I would'nt go to market for a hundred dollars.

*Mrs. Talky-talk.* Well now, I can't conceive how that can be, Doctor Eatemup, next door, says if you put plenty of onions and vinegar in them, they are as wholesome as tomatoes.

*Mrs. S.* Tomatoes! Oh mercy—don't mention 'em! Why Mrs. Doolittle's maid died yesterday from smelling one, as it passed the window, in the market-basket. Tomatoes! indeed, I would as leave eat green corn!

*Mrs. T.* Green corn! don't you eat corn? Why Doctor Calamus eats it three times a day: morning, noon, and night, and has'nt had even the premonitory!

*Mrs. S.* Does he!—then he's an intemperate man; and when he dies, which he must soon, his epitaph will be to that effect.

Enter Mrs. Doctor Catchup, who, after a little *premonitory* (conversation,) inquires after Mr. Simpkins and the children.

*Mrs. S.* Quite well, thank you, except little Sue. She's had the premonitory all day: and where she got it I cannot conceive, for not a particle of fruit has entered the house these six weeks!

*Mrs. C.* That's the very cause. Doctor Catchup lets us eat as much fruit as we want, except peaches. Our children eat plums, apples, and melons, just as they used to, but they hav'nt touched a peach, and have of course escaped!

*Mrs. T.* Not eat peaches! Why Doctor Gingerbread says they eat a peck of peaches every day, but are careful to smoke a cigar afterwards.

*Mrs. C.* Well, I declare *how people do differ*. I listened this morning at Dr. C.'s office-door, and heard him and Dr. B., in a high dispute about cantelopes. Dr. B. declared they were poison: while Dr. C. insisted they were medicine, and were the best thing to prevent premonitory!

*Mrs. T.* Well, I declare I don't believe they would hurt any body. I've a great mind to send next door, and get a couple, *just to try*.

Mrs. T. rings the bell—enter the maid, who receives orders to purchase two ripe cantelopes.—Mrs. T. prepares the table;—enter the cantelopes and two peaches—Mrs. Doctor Catchup grows sick at the smell of the peaches, and retires to one corner of the room. Mrs. S. and Mrs. T. taste the melons, and pronounce them *anti-cholera*.—Enter Mr. T., who is horror-struck at the sight of the fruit, and pitches the whole, plates and all, into the street!

Next morning the cook is found to be ill;—sent to market, she smuggled a damson plum, which caused

her to have the cholera. She is dead before night. What are we to conclude? The only reply is, that we know nothing about the causes which produce cholera, except that those who are most uniformly careful are the most uniformly healthy, at all times, and more especially *now*.

## CHESNUT STREET RACE COURSE.

Three young men who preferred jollity to an honest reputation, agreed the other morning to have a race in a buggy, a shandrydan, and a sulky-buggy; but as a race, or indeed any uncommon exploit, is nothing without spectators, and it would take too much time to advertise their frolic, they determined to try it in Chesnut street at the time of fashionable promenade. They started from Broad street about nine, for the post, which was to be Carey & Hart's book store window.

Sulky-buggy soon took the lead, but was hot pressed by Shandrydan, who evidently had the best pony—buggy, however, whipped up at Tenth street, and passed in front of the three, giving nine cheers all the way to Ninth street, where falling foul of a marble carriage step he was brought up all standing. The others now had a tight run, and met with but one damper to their ardor, but that was not in a very agreeable shape. Two police officers ordered them to stop, but they might as well have talked to a kite—the teamsters pushed ahead at full speed, and if they did not kill half a dozen women and children, it was the fault of the said women and children themselves, in keeping out of the way. The officers happened to know the bloods, and this morning had them up before the Mayor.

*Mayor.* Well, Mr. Whipstay, what have you to say for yourself, you are aware that racing in our streets is a punishable offence.

*Whipstay.* Aye, no doubt; it is or may be a punishable offence—yes! no doubt.

*Mayor.* I am sorry in the present case the law allows me only to fine you. The risk you have placed the necks of our citizens in, deserves a severe chastisement.

*Bob.* If your honor has much to say on the subject, you will confer a favor by adjourning the cause to another period—we are positively engaged at Harding's to shoot pigeons!

The impudence of this speech deserved a halter, but the mayor feeling too much contempt to enter into further parley, admonished them that for a second offence he should not let them off so easily. They were fined \$3 81 each and discharged. Upon leaving the room the elder jockey exclaimed to his companion, "I say Bob! was'nt it *cheap*!—never had such a cheap race in my life, 'pon honor, and part way on M'Adamised turnpike!"

They will no doubt repeat the joke, so we give the women and children fair warning.

## DOUGHTY'S CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It is something, in these pestilential days, to lay hands on a periodical in which you may feel assured that no Cholera has taken up its quarters. So thoroughly has the disease pervaded the whole world of publication, that we even take up a political pamphlet with hesitation, lest we should meet with a labored effort to trace the origin of the monster dire to Clayism, Jacksonism, or anti-masonry. Happily, no fear of that sort could be apprehended from the work above mentioned. We seized it, as we always do, confident of gra-

tification, nor were we disappointed. It has been often observed, that the plates alone of this publication are worth more than the subscription money. The present number—5th of Vol. II—contains the Esquimaux Dog, and the Humming Bird, or rather birds, for there is a pair of them, fluttering in most gay and delicate plumage. Next to the possession of the living birds, a thing nearly impossible, we should prize the present vivid representation. The reading contents are well selected, both for instruction and amusement.

### CALCULATIONS ON PAPER.

It has been our lot once or twice to come across people in a state of high excitement from having made their fortunes *on paper*. We believe it is by no means an uncommon complaint. The history of a single case will exemplify the disease, which no doubt assumes different shapes in different individuals, but is essentially the same in all.

A young man of this State, some years since, invented what he called a musical cradle, with which he was exceedingly delighted, and so were most of his female friends, for it promised great things, and actually *performed* a tune or two, to the great admiration of the ladies and the youngsters. He received one or two orders for the same, which so encouraged him, that he employed most of his time in *calculating* on paper, what his patent cradle would eventually bring him in. More than one ream of paper was covered over with these wise calculations, which always ended in a round number of forty thousand dollars—get at it which way you would, it was still forty thousand or upwards! The youth's head was nearly turned by this grand result. He went on and built a factory for patent cradles—borrowed money of all who were weak enough to believe in his ream of calculations, and every thing went on swimmingly. If money got short, he resorted to his paper calculations; and a man must have been a poor hand at figures, who would not be perfectly satisfied that all his arithmetic was right. The sum was always thus stated:—

There are two millions and a-half of children born in America *every year*—each child will require a cradle.—Two millions and a-half of cradles, at ten dollars each, is twenty-five millions of dollars.—Cost of manufacture, including rent, interest, &c. &c. only twenty-four millions and some odd thousands—nett profit at the *very lowest* calculation, forty thousand dollars!!” Who could deny that there would be at least that sum nett? Thus it went on—orders came in to a small amount—the youth set up his coach, and talked of buying out Girard's Bank!—When all of a sudden, he found he had exhausted the purses and the patience of his friends, who took what little remnants of tools he had, and a few unfinished cradles, and sent him off to Bedlam!

This is an extreme case no doubt, but who is there that has not witnessed the overthrow of schemes which were based on no better foundation than “paper calculations.”

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